

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

95

## BEAST OF BURDEN

This Palestine donkey seems to be saying, "I ask you, is this a fair load for a hot day?" But where man must move loads he will always seek the easy way. See the back page for his strange ideas of transport.

## I get around

I WAS reading a paper in the Savoy lounge the other day.

Beneath the paper I saw a pair of ankles, so I raised it a little, to see a particularly attractive pair of shins. I raised it higher still, and I saw the bottom of—a khaki skirt.

I lowered the paper, and behold—Pte. Marguerite Salte, of the A.T.S.

You may remember Marguerite as "Trilby," a fashion and art model. Why that name I don't know. The only things different from other women about her were her exquisite hands, pretty feet and face.

"Sacrilege," I thought, "to see those much-painted feet shod in clumsy brown leather shoes, instead of scarlet sandals."

Marguerite, daughter of a New Zealand farmer, came to England to study art. To augment her income she did some fashion modelling, and later, when fame came her way, she

By  
RONALD  
RICHARDS

The telegrapher decided to commit suicide by gulping knick-knacks.

He tempered his decision by a certain amount of caution, as he was always careful to cover sharp edges with food and chewing-gum, but, despite such "precautions," the 43-year-old patient became sick.

Dr. Wheeler performed an operation to remove them.

The surgeon's take tallied up to 187 foreign bodies, classified thus: 69 narrow staples, 24 wide staples, 21 pieces of glass, one pencil lead, and 72 miscellaneous metallic foreign bodies.

\* \* \*

FOR the second consecutive year the Wrens of H.M.S. "Excellent," with 215 points, won the cup awarded to the smartest drill squad at Whale Island.

Fifteen naval establishments in Portsmouth Command were represented by 18 trim, well-trained girls and a Wren officer.

The chief adjudicator, Admiral Sir Frederic Dreyer, in paying a glowing tribute to the women of the Royal Navy, said that never had he been more convinced of the determination of W.R.N.S. to maintain the tradition of their Service.

Later, in a Pompey tavern, I was proud to drink with some of the victorious to their tradition, the Admiral, the sea, and most other things.

He is 48, she just half that.

LORD WOOLTON, Food Minister, visiting a fish research station at Aberdeen with Lady Woolton, said to officials who offered to send him samples of their experiments:

"I try out all these new things on my wife."

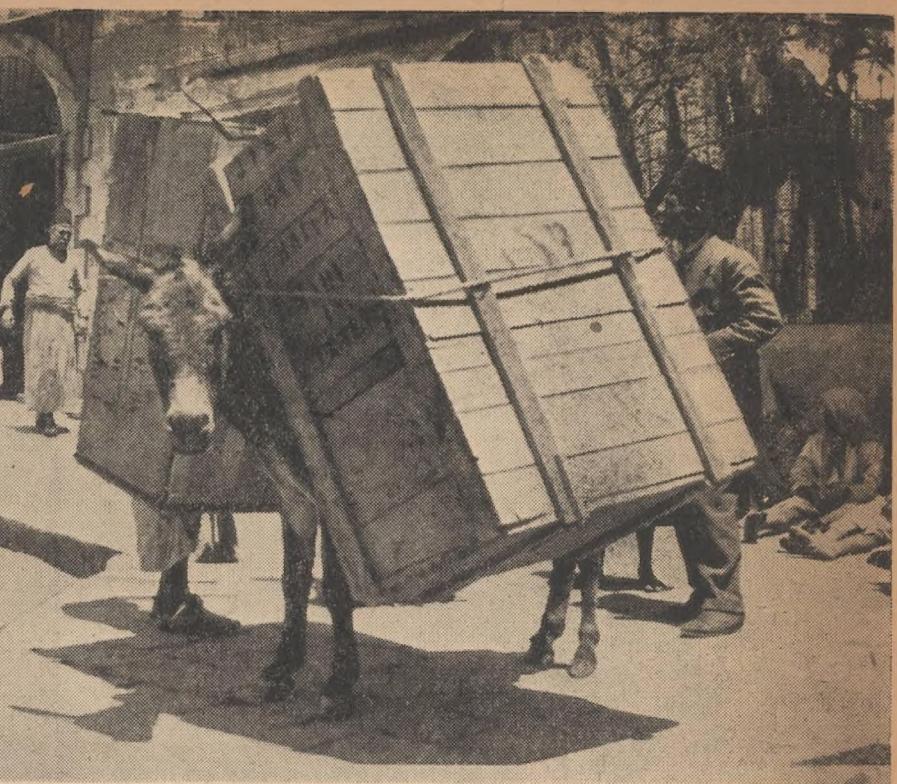
He added: "She remains healthy too."

TOMMY MANVILLE, American asbestos multi-millionaire, has announced that Jane Weeks will be his seventh wife.

When Mr. Manville met Miss Weeks at the airport he took her to his Westchester estate, Bon Repos.

He is 48, she just half that.

At the Sign of  
"THE STAR"



## I overhaul

By AL MALE

## my car!

VERY reluctantly, hied to by THAT? It's ME . . . ME, your wife . . . shake yourself, for goodness sake . . . sleeping away in the car. Here am I home after an exhausting day and not even a cup of tea ready to revive me . . . What a husband! . . . What a liar! . . . Overhauling the car . . . I'll say . . . Why . . . you've still got the tin-opener in your hand!"

Well . . . you know what that means . . . "How go, Al . . . what's yours?" "Where the hell have you been all my life? You must have one with me," and all the usual greetings, so that my quick lunch was neither quick nor lunch.

Anyway, I was still determined . . . changed into old clothes when I reached home . . . found the garage key (after much research), opened the garage door . . . slid myself between the garage wall and the green streamlined sides of Dopey, and got down to business.

How does one-over-the-eighteen affect you?

Well, it couldn't have been petrol fumes, because Dopey has had an empty stomach since 1940 . . . but I sure felt hazy.

"Think I'll have a fag before I start," I decided, so, opening the door, I slid into the driving seat, lit a cigarette, leaned back, fiddled about with the gears, and twiddled the steering-wheel, just to see what the whole thing felt like after such a long break . . . still keeping what was left of my mind on the mechanical job ahead.

Wound up the clock, in case I had forgotten how, and casually glanced into the dashboard recess, over on the passenger side.

"Hello, what's that? Bunch of programmes, I guess," as I espied the familiar colours of various sports arenas . . . Wembley, Harringay, Streatham, West Ham, and enough outside-town ones to form an attractive holiday guide. . . . "Gosh," I thought, "what a life I must have led . . . and paid for it, too."

"And what's this?" I asked myself with amazement. "Lunch 7/-, Extras 1/-!"

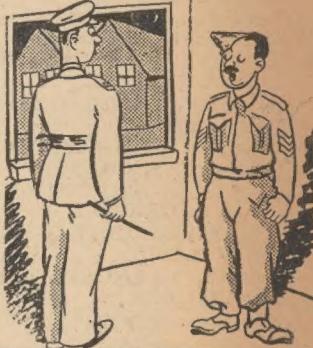
Yes . . . I remember . . . some lunch . . . some extras . . . some baby, too.

A walk through the rose-garden after lunch in that long, oak-panelled dining-room . . . scent of roses in pure Downland air wafted through open French windows . . . Leisurely sipping coffee in a luxurious low-roofed lounge, with a background of soft music . . . What was it . . . that haunting tune? Of course . . . "Deep Purple" . . . Could I ever forget it . . . or fail to think of that lounge, and her, every time I hear it? . . . Marvelous . . . gorgeous . . . s-u-p-e-r-b. . .

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

Where am I . . . where am I . . . what the hell was that?

"That . . . what do you mean



New Officer: "What's the idea, sergeant, lights blazing furiously after black-out?"

Sergeant: "Bugler must have forgotten to blow 'Lights out,' sir."

N.O.: "Well, go and blow them out yourself, then!"

## THEY SAY-

### TOWNS AND HOUSES.

AFTER the last war there was an enormous interest in housing, but you could not get people to see that town-planning mattered, too. If people become as conscious of the importance of good towns as they already are of the importance of good houses, they will get both. But if they do not insist on good town-planning, including the location of industry, many of them will not be able to get good houses either.

F. J. Osborn (Sec., Town and Country Planning Association).

### AMERICA.

THERE is something unique in America which has brought men and women together from all over the world. Some went because of religious persecution, some from political differences, and others for economic opportunity, but all who live there are Americans. . . . We have proved that a great nation can be built from all the peoples of the world and that they can live together in peace and harmony.

Mr. Winant (American Ambassador in London).



THE "Star" at Alfriston. Where one would expect to find hanging the ancient sign of this old inn is a modern one bearing an advertisement, while from the "George" opposite a sign more appropriate to this beautiful village street comes into the picture. The old ship's figurehead is in the lower left corner of the picture.

FROM the London headquarters of the Salvage Week Campaign I hear that very satisfactory has been the appeal for unwanted literary matter.

The majority of books, I understand, were impressed with the stamp of local lending libraries. The Dickens and Shakespeare volumes were mostly unthumbed, and the Bibles faded and unmistakably unread.

Many were the history books, and the cheap series of popular classics which before the war were given with cigarettes and soap flakes. Family albums, too, complete with faded sepia pictures, were numerous.

Remainder consisted mainly of diaries and cheque book stubs.

THE case history sheet of a former railroad telegraphist, now in a home for the insane, was reported recently in the New England Journal of Medicine by Dr. P. H. Wheeler.

**Periscope Page**  
**WANGLING WORDS** 57

1. Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after ROW, and make a word.

2. Rearrange the letters ABCDELMNRU to form a Northern county.

3. Change FLESH into GRASS, altering one letter at a time and making a new word with each alteration.

Change in the same way: FOOT into BALL, WILD into TAME, OLD into NEW.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word INTERPOLATE?

**Answers to Wangling Words—No. 56**

1. GEORGE.

2. GLOUCESTER.

3. SONG, SANG, SANE, FANE, FINE, TINE, TUNE.

FAIR, LAIR, LAID, LARD, LARK, DARK.

SPAM, SEAM, SEAT, MEAT, SEW, SAW, RAW, RAM, HAM, HEM.

4. Rate, Sure, Rest, Sate, Rare, Ruse, Arts, Eats, Star, Seat, Tear, Ease, Rear, Tare, Rust, East, Sear, etc.

Tease, Stare, Rears, Sates, Surer, Rates, Steer, Truer, Trees, Terse, etc.

**ALLIED PORTS**

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in SEAPLANES, not in GUN-SIGHTS,

My second's in MISSILES as well as SEARCHLIGHTS,

My third is in SCRUMMAGE, and not in SOCCER,

My fourth is in KITBAG, but not in LOCKER,

My fifth is in GROUNDSMAN, while not in WICKET,

My sixth is in SPORTSMAN, but not in CRICKET,

My seventh's in CLEEK, but not in BRASSIE,

My eighth is in ENGINE, and not in CHASSIS.

(Answer on Page 3)

**Who is it?**

A song in her praise says that she was very beautiful, with a fair white forehead, a long, slender neck, and eyes of dark blue. She was light on her feet, and her low, sweet voice is compared to the sigh of a summer breeze. Who was she?

(Answer on Page 3)

**ODD CORNER**

FRANK BUCKLAND, the great Victorian naturalist, realised that of the 150,000 different animals capable of providing us with meat, we make use of only four or five. He decided to try the flavours of some of the others, had had steaks and chops sent to him from the Zoo whenever he heard that an animal had been killed.

He wrote in his diary on one occasion, "B. called; cooked a viper for lunch, and had elephant-trunk soup." On another occasion he decided to try panther chops, but heard that the Zoo's only panther had died two days previously, and had been buried. Not a bit put out, he had the carcass

# TYPEE

By HERMAN MELVILLE



of but "pehee, pehee" (fish, fish). Towards the time when they were expected to return, the vocal telegraph was put into operation—the inhabitants, who were scattered throughout the length of the valley, leaped upon rocks and into trees, shouting with delight at the thoughts of the anticipated treat.

As soon as the approach of the party was announced, there was a general rush of the men towards the beach; some of them remaining, however, about the Ti, in order to get matters in readiness for the reception of the fish, which were brought to the Taboo Groves in immense packages of leaves, each one of them being suspended from a pole carried on the shoulders of two men.

**MIXED DOUBLES**

The following MIXED DOUBLES are composed of an inland British town and the river on which it stands, "RIPON and URE," for example.

(a) YES, SO BLUE.  
 (b) O, WIDE DRY GULF.

(Answers on Page 3)

1. What is a lammergeyer?  
 2. Who wrote (a) "The White Monkey," (b) "The Black Tulip"?

3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Raphael, Titian, Epstein, Turner, Rubens, John.

4. What is a contragatto?

5. Where is there a village called Square and Compass?

6. Who was the first Minister of Defence?

7. What is meant by macroscopic?

8. What is a jargonelle?

9. Which of the following words is mis-spelt: Centrifugal, Amplification, Distaff, Queue, Agrarian?

10. How much does a gallon of water weigh?

11. What is meant by the expression, "to marry Mistress Roper"?

12. What vegetable is attacked by the Colorado beetle?

**Answer to Quiz in No. 94**

1. The hairy caterpillar of the Tiger Moth.

2. (a) Thomas Campbell, (b) Samuel Rogers.

3. Sedan Chair; the others have wheels.

4. When he is received by the Pope on becoming a Cardinal.

5. Round Verkhoyansk, N.E. Siberia; 85 below zero.

6. A clerical directory and church reference book.

7. 22.

8. The dwarf chestnut.

9. A horse dealer, in Kipling's "Kim."

10. (a) Half-crown, (b) Half-penny, (c) Farthing.

11. Robert Bruce, 1314.

12. The inscription or design at the end of a book.

## This Scotland and These Scots

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
 Scots, wham Bruce has often led,  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to victory!

Now's the day and now's the hour;  
 See the front of battle lour . . .  
 Liberty's in every blow!  
 Let us do or die!

—Robert Burns.



Arrived at their destination, these were in turn portioned out, and equally distributed among the various houses of each particular district. The fish were under a strict Taboo, until the distribution was completed, which seemed to be effected in the most impartial manner. By the operation of this system every man, woman, and child in the vale were at one and the same time partaking of this favourite article of food.

Once, I remember, the party arrived at midnight; but the unseasonableness of the hour did

not repress the impatience of the islanders. The carriers despatched from the Ti were to be seen hurrying in all directions through the deep groves; each individual preceded by a boy bearing a flaming torch of dried cocoa-nut boughs, which from time to time was replenished from the materials scattered along the path.

The wild glare of these enormous flambeaux, lighting up with a startling brilliancy the innermost recesses of the vale, and seen moving rapidly along beneath the

Continued on Page 3.

## JANE



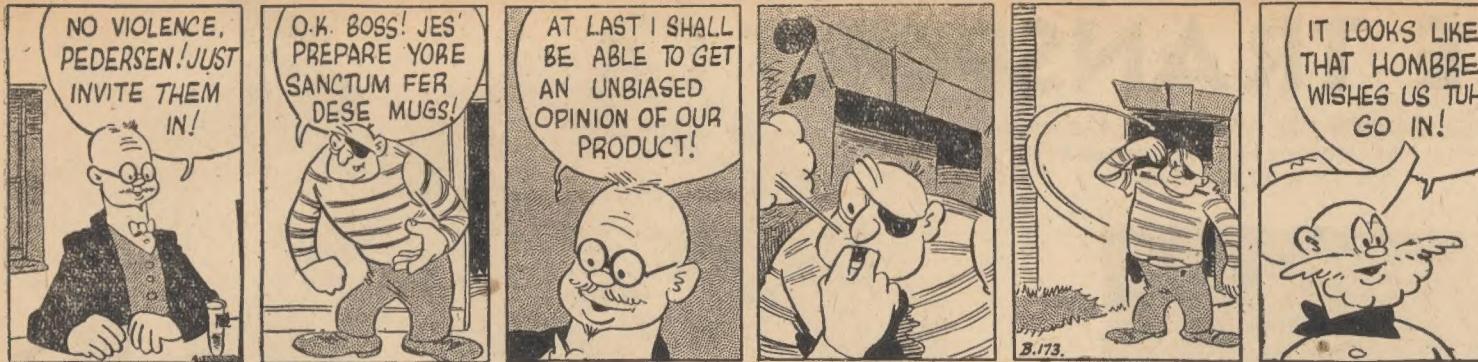
dug up and a chop sent to him, but he reported that it "was not very good."

.....

He discovered that the South African eland made very good meat, and for some years a London restaurant made a speciality of eland venison. He also rediscovered the old gipsy dish of roast hedgehog, and strongly recommended "field-mouse batter."

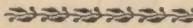
.....

Field-mice are said to be very tasty, and not a bit musty, like house-mice, and for many years field-mice were commonly eaten in parts of Hampshire. At Winchester, little pick-axes called "diggers" were sold for the purpose of digging out the field-mice, and the boys of Winchester College used to catch the mice and eat them after roasting over a bonfire.

**Beelzebub Jones****Belinda****Popeye****Ruggles****TYPEE***Continued from Page 2.*

canopy of leaves, the savage shout of the excited messengers sounding the news of their approach, which was answered on all sides, and the strange appearance of their naked bodies, seen against the gloomy background, produced altogether an effect upon my mind that I shall long remember.

When old Marheyo received his share of the spoils, immediate preparations were made for a midnight banquet; calabashes of pock-poe were filled to the brim; green bread-fruit were roasted; and a huge cake of "amar" was cut up with a sliver of bamboo, and laid out on an immense banana leaf.



At this supper we were lighted by several of the native tapers, held in the hands of young girls. These tapers are most ingeniously made. There is a nut abounding in the valley, called by the Typees "armor," closely resembling our common horse-chestnut. The shell is broken, and the contents extracted whole.

scales, bones, gills, and all the inside.

The fish is held by the tail, and the head being introduced into the mouth, the animal disappears with a rapidity that would at first nearly lead one to imagine it had been launched bodily down the throat.



Raw fish! Shall I ever forget my sensations when I first saw my island beauty devour one? However, after the first shock had subsided, the custom grew less odious in my eyes, and I soon accustomed myself to the sight. Let no one imagine, however, that the lovely Fayaway was in the habit of swallowing great vulgar-looking fishes: oh, no; with her beautiful small hand, she would clasp a delicate, little, golden-hued love of a fish, and eat it as elegantly and as innocently as though it were a Naples biscuit.

There were some curious-looking dogs in the valley. Dogs!—big, hairless rats rather; all with smooth, shining, speckled hides—fat sides, and very disagreeable faces. Whence could they have come? That they were not the indigenous production of the region, I am firmly convinced. In-

deed, they seemed aware of their being interlopers, looking fairly ashamed, and always trying to hide themselves in some dark corner.

Scurvy curs! they were my abhorrence; I should have liked nothing better than to have been the death of every one of them. In fact, on one occasion, I intimidated the property of a canine crusade to Mehevi; but the benevolent king would not consent to it. He heard me very patiently; but when I had finished, shook his head, and told me in confidence, that they were "taboo."

(Continued to-morrow)

**Answers to Mixed Doubles.**

(a) SELBY & OUSE.  
(b) GUILDFORD & WEY.

**Solution to Allied Ports.**  
PEMBROKE.**Answer to Who Is It?**  
ANNIE LAURIE**Solution to Puzzle in No. 94.**  
A Flight to America in War-time would be an expensive journey.**Ghosts of the Village Green**

HAVE you ever browsed on your, or another, village green and pictured the strange mixture of wild and weird, gay and gruesome scenes that used to take place there?

We still think of our village greens as little, unchanging bits of old England. Since before the Middle Ages, when tilting tournaments and the like held the interests of the blue-blooded and moneyed classes, the rest of mankind has amused itself on the green village quadrangle.

But in the dark days folks' ideas of entertainment were vastly different from to-day. When a man was convicted of drunkenness by the local justices, his fellow men derived a certain pleasure from seeing him clamped for hours on end in the village stocks. These and the cages, or lock-ups, where law-breakers awaited trial, are still preserved on many village greens as evidence of a primitive "justice."

More serious crime was punished with the pillory, of which several villages still cherish the originals, as well as the whipping-posts reserved for vagrancy and petty thieving.

A tramp had a pretty thin time, whipped, as he was, from parish to parish, until at last, in despair, he turned his steps to his own birthplace, where the law allowed him to claim some form of maintenance.

Now and again you find old gibbets, renewed as each falls into disrepair—grim reminders of mediaeval tastes in punishment. More innocently—but equally seriously—was this so with the ducking-stool, then in universal use for the punishment of man's pet aversion—scolding wives.

The major sport was bull-baiting, and it was staged on the village green. Royalty were thrilled by it, and Queen Elizabeth spent days watching the gruesome contests. To a ring firmly embedded in a stone or tree stump, the bull was tethered by a long chain. Dogs were then let loose, flew at the beast, hanging on to him until finally one or other of the attackers was killed or too badly mauled to continue the fight.

Sometimes a bear took the place of the bull. The dogs were either mastiffs or bulldogs. The bulldog, in fact, received its name from its time-honoured connection with this sport.

Its ugly face shape grew from Nature's efforts to set back the nose to allow easier breathing while the animal was still "pinned" to the bull.

One group there was who deplored the sport, but Macaulay, with sarcasm, wrote: "The Puritans hated bull-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bull, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators."

Bear and bull-baiting have been illegal for the best part of a century. Cock-fighting is unlawful, too, but it still goes on in remote corners of the country, with sentries posted against police traps.

The Athenians began it, and this pastime, too, became the sport of kings. Henry VIII added a cock-pit to Whitehall. It wasn't till the Georges that the sport fell out of favour, and was finally prohibited by a special Act of Parliament.

But between these gruesome bouts the village green became the stage for more innocent recreations—pastoral plays, maypole and folk dances, traditional ceremonies connected with the gathering of the harvest. Many of these are constantly revived.

**CROSSWORD CORNER**

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
		9				10	
11	12		13		14		
15			16		17		
21	22	23			24		
25	26			27			
	28		29	30	31		
32	33		34	35			
36		37					
38			39				

**CLUES ACROSS.**

- Rubbish heap.
- Little fish.
- Photo book.
- Have to pay.
- Talented.
- Blend.
- Subdued light.
- Steam boat.
- Soothing.
- Hoot.
- Floor cover.
- Incline.
- Boss.
- Sailor.
- Precide.
- Source.
- Valley.
- Low.
- Areas between circles.
- Consignor.
- Seep.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

FIRST SCARF	EDUCATIONAL
LEMON NACRE	LAIR H TEES
S NEGATES H	PARAKEETS
CAN LEA RID	UNTIL CLARA
AM MOTET AT	BASSO HOLDS
NAP N R WRY	

**CLUES DOWN.**

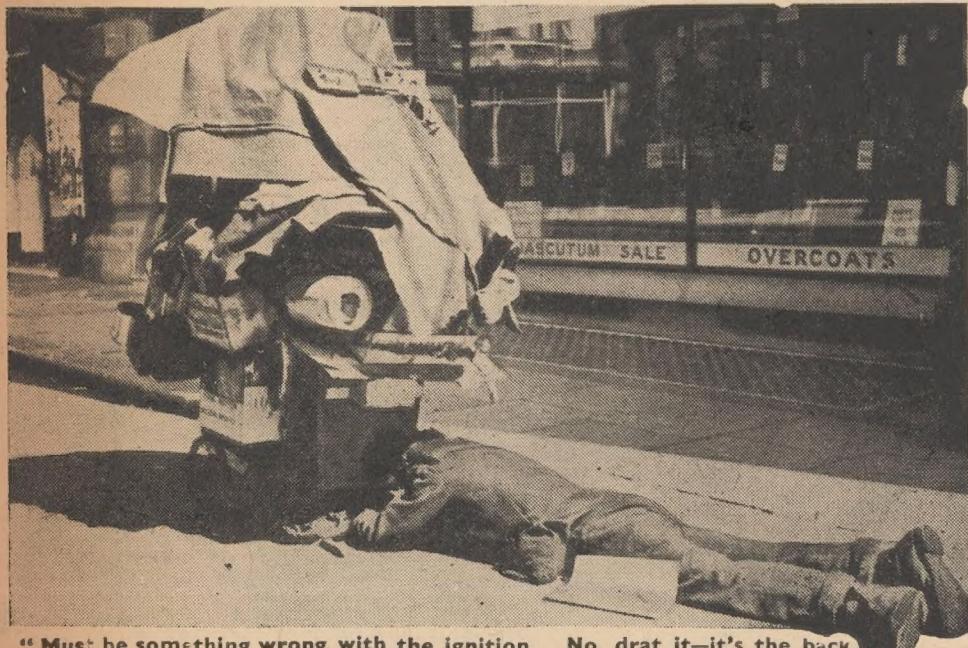
- Kind of harrow.
- Man.
- Excuses.
- Silent.
- Aped.
- Small mug.
- Bird.
- Cleaned garden.
- Flower.
- Fruit.
- Con.
- Space of time.
- Uttered by voice.
- Twig brooms.
- Choice.
- Fall behind.
- Make merry.
- Foundation.
- Smoke.
- Deer.
- Negative word.

# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed  
to : "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

# MAN WILL ALWAYS HAVE TRANSPORT

In whatever hemisphere he may live, so long as man has goods to move, he will scheme or improvise an easy means of carriage. Here are some of his ideas.



"Must be something wrong with the ignition. No, drat it—it's the back axle again!" He believes in taking his food stock round with him when he goes for a walk. But he's overloaded the ship this time.



Surely the most economic vehicle in the world with regard to tyres, but then, Chinamen seldom waste anything, not even words.



A mixed team, if you like, and not the type to take honours at an English Horse Show, but this Frenchman seems to have combined the so-called stupidity of a donkey, with the sagacity of a dog, and go places with it.



It's not much fun being a bullock in Kashmir. When they've eaten you they turn your skin into a boat. The native fishermen have to keep a good look-out for snags in case they get a puncture.



"Sniff! Peculiar smell round here this morning," says Bertha, the camel. "Ah, well—maybe it's only me." Her companion thinks it a bit undignified to drag a home-made roller about the place. They are helping to make a Palestine airfield.

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Here comes the milkman!"

